

THE EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. Otway to his Play call'd Venice Preserv'd, or a Plot Discover'd; spoken upon his Royal Highness the Duke of York's coming to the Theatre, Friday, April 21. 1682.

When too much Plenty, Luxury, and Ease,
Had surfeited this Isle to a Disease;
When noisome Blaines did its best parts ore-
And on the rest their dire Infection shed; (spread
Our Great Physician, who the Nature knew } King.
Of the Distemper, and from whence it grew, }
Fix't for Three Kingdoms quiet (Sir) on You : }
He cast his searching Eyes o're all the Frame,
And finding whence before one sickness came, *In Scotland.*
How once before our Mischiefs foster'd were,
Knew well Your Vertue, and apply'd You there :
Where so Your Goodness, so Your Justice sway'd,
You but appear'd, and the wild Plague was stay'd.
When, from the filthy Dunghil-faction bred, }
New-form'd Rebellion durst rear up its head, }
Answer me all : who struck the Monster dead ? }
See, see, the injur'd PRINCE, and bless his Name,
Think on the Martyr from whose Loynes he came :
Think on the Blood was shed for you before,
And Curse the Paricides that thirst for more.
His Foes are yours, then of their Wiles beware :
Lay, lay him in your Hearts, and guard him there ;
Where let his Wrongs your Zeal for him Improve ;
He wears a Sword will justifie your Love.
With Blood still ready for your good t' expend,
And has a Heart that ne're forgot his friend.
His Duteous Loyalty before you lay,
And learn of him, unmurm'ring to obey.

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Think

(12)

Think what he's born, your Quiet to restore;
Repent your madness and rebell no more.

No more let *Bout'feu's* hope to lead *Petitions*,
Scri'ners to be *Treasurers*, *Pedlars*, *Politicians*,
Nobly *fol*, whose *Wife* has *trip* at *Court*,
Pluck up a spirit, and turn *Rebell* for't.

In Lands where *Cuckolds* multiply like ours,
What Prince can be too *Jealous* of their powers,
Or can too often think himself alarm'd?
They're male contents that ev'ry where go arm'd:
And when the *horned Herd's* together got,
Nothing portends a *Commonwealth* like that.

Cast, cast your *Idols* off, your *Gods* of wood,
Er'e yet *Philistins* fatten with your blood:
Renounce your *Priests* of *Baal* with *Anen-faces*,
Your *Wapping* Feasts, and your *Mile-End* High-places.

of the *Highbury* Nail all your *Medals* on the *Gallows* Post,

In recompence th' *Original* was lost:

At these, illustrious *Repentance* pay,

In his kind hands your humble *Offerings* lay:

Let *Royal* Pardon be by him implor'd,

Th' *Attorney* Brother of your *Anger*'d Lord;

He only brings a *Medicine* fit to aswage

A peoples *folly*, and rowz'd *Monarch's* rage;

An *Infant* Prince yet lab'ring in the womb,

Fated with wond'rous happiness to come,

He goes to fetch the mighty blessing home:

Send all your *wishes* with him, let the *Ayre*

With gentle breezes waft it safely here,

The *Seas*, like what they'l carry, calm and fair:

Let the *Illustrious* Mother touch our Land

Mildly, as hereafter may her Son Command;

While our glad *Monarch* welcomes her to *shoar*,

With kind assurance; she shall part no more.

Be the *Majestick* Babe then smiling born,

And all good signs of *Fate* his Birth adorn,

So live and grow, a constant pledg to stand

Of *CÆSAR'S* Love to an obedient Land.